

## **Antithesis "Mad Poet"**

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The poet sits and twists the meter 'round  
And in the glare you'd swear his smile was a frown  
And Hermes there, he stares as the pages grow  
And all are left to fend for their own

There was a time when he was in command  
Now it seems that he is quite mad, so sad  
There was a time when he was in demand  
But now it seems that he is quite mad

The Titan took a look with leer  
As Cronos split the world with a fear  
Icarus has flown, he knows he is not alone  
As Aries waits with hate upon his fiery throne

Do you now believe it?

There he is, the mad poet  
Another page like the one before

Loki tricks his brother Thor  
As he turns the metaphor  
Odin makes the thunder roar

The Incubus doesn't know which way to go  
The Succubus entices her weary foe  
And Hera, in her spiteful way, allows Hades to claim  
the day

When he looks at what he has done he throws his  
feathered quill away  
No more wine, no more rowdy songs  
The bell tolls to claim it's pawn

When does a man begin to live again?  
When he is just a step away

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